

# Close Doesn't Count with the Bookies

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By TAD

# The Great Dry Way

By Len Fleming

THERE'S an epidemic of whiskey in New York. One physician alone has over two hundred cases.

Women think men are lazy when, as a matter of fact, men are not lazy. They are easy to work and the women know it.

Europe used to be so full of kings and queens it looked like a full house; now it looks like a busted flush.

Why do men discuss mandates when all the time they're thinking of woman dates?

Ain't it funny what the law can do? It made the U. S. dry clear out to the Three-Mile Limit. Must admit it is some law that can make the ocean dry for three miles out.

The prohibition law left us all at sea, but not far enough out!

Judging from man's attitude toward woman that must have been a sour apple that Adam bit on.

Reason so many marriages are a failure is because the couples do not properly train for a long, hard fight—they're not in condition for the battle.

If a man says he don't know where he's going but he's on his way, you can usually make up your mind that he isn't letting his conscience be his guide.

The Ford has written its own history, but not yet its auto-biography.

If women's clothes keep on diminishing in quantity and dimension she can soon carry an extra change in her handbag.

Ever notice the less women wear lengthways the more they have around them—principally men?

Perfect matches are not made in heaven, because you can't make perfect matches without sulphur and brimstone.

Wish the Concert of Nations would lay off the Jazz for awhile!

Mayor Hylan is doing his enemies up Brown, which is very ad-meyer-able!

About time the reformers were determining the sex of trees to see whether Fall actions are proper or not.

Tempest in a Teapot—woman washing her short skirts!

Incidentally England is going to help us take the 'arm out of harm'—ours mostly.

Funny thing, dry laws are being busted mostly on wet water—not by drinking it, but by using it as wide and devious trail to Three Mile south.

New York City has almost as much trouble getting Home Rule as Ireland.

Next thing to make Chinese puzzle of existence more so is hair-inspector. He, she or it will decide if girl has enough nourishment on inside of skull to make moss grow on outside. Moss grows on boulders; why not on bone-heaps? You tell 'em; I'm out of ink.

Perhaps later it will be misdemeanor for girl to have she-bangs made from mop-fringe. Mis-de-measor—with accent on meaner.

Hair likely will be measured to see if it is long enough to reach from soil to free end. Hair used to be woman's crowning glory; now she has crown of glory removed, leaving crown of head to view, which is not glorious.

In Liberia they use House of Representatives for movie theatre. In U. S. use House of Congress for burlesque theatre.

Girls shouldn't monkey with nature too much. Shear wool off old marble top; bump of knowledge is depression; get full of water when it rains; have water on the brain—if got any.

## Humorous Headlines

(Culled from the Daily Press)

"WOMAN Dies Following Operation." She shouldn't have followed it.

"Pen Used by Lincoln Stolen at Chicago." When caught the thief should be given the pen.

"Madden, Predicts Big Cut in Current Taxes." Suppose this is to favor Fruit Growers' Association.

"U. S. Destroyer to Stand Guard Over Liquor Ship." Now we know what is meant by "Luck of the Navy."

"Seek Change of Venue for Small Trial." Seems as if this is hardly necessary—for small trial.

"Women Ask Voice in Arms Conference." If they get it the men will have to confine themselves to silent votes.

"Meyer Wants No Applause at Hearings." Ain't it remarkable how modest some comedians are?

"Craig and Shallow Row at School Site." Must be one of those lots they sell you at the seashore where the water is deep enough when the tide is in so anybody can row.

"Man Kills Self as Phonograph Plays Ragtime." Yes, ragtime does affect people that way sometimes.

"Davis Lands Policeman as Most Useful Servant." Policeman Amuck Shoots Student at Carnegie Tech.

"Ninety-five Thousand Payroll Bandits Being Hunted in Illinois." Never supposed Chicago's principal industry reached these large figures.

"Shark Skins for Shoes." Get 'em by skinning the manufacturers—or dealers?

"Japan Must Be Mollified." That's all right; but she shouldn't be mollified.

"Typewriter Stolen from Criminal Courts." Glad to see courts at last correctly named, but would like to know whether the typewriter matter was a theft or an abduction.

"Cotton Staggers Around in Quiet Market." Maybe it was full of cotton gin.

"Kidding Yourself." by W. J. Bryan

## Our Illiterate Department

By Rhoda Montade

A T last! The perfect illiterate department! Or almost perfect.

We have succeeded in printing a book review before the book has been printed!

We positively guarantee that the book of which the following is the review has not yet seen the light of day. If it never does see the light of day this department will be perfect. So will be the book.

As usual, we let the author review his own book. This is the most satisfactory method—for the author.

Just a word about this particular author. (Not that he is particular. Authors never are. We should have said "This here" author. Meaning this here one that has written this here review.) This author is one of the most successful in the world. Among other things he writes all the tickets for the Interborough. He has the largest circulation in the world. Daily AND Sunday.

Meet Mr. Stulp:

Review.

"OH, WOULD THAT I!"

"Yes, would that I —. Shakespeare said it first. And we say it. And Shake would say it again if he were alive to-day. And had read 'Subtle Snooping in the South Seas.' By P. Stotesbury Stulp. Published by Doublepage Day & Co. \$4.37 at the better shops.

"Would that I had written it is the whole of the quotation. I mean it. I would that I had written it. So would Shakespeare. Don't take my word for it. Ask him.

"Of all the books we have ever read this is IT. From beginning to end it is one long, languorous, liquid laugh. The author, with a notebook and a camera, spent some sixty-eight weeks in the islands of the far Eastern Pacific. He has recorded with astounding

accuracy the impressions gained during his trip.

"Hulas, coconut wine, grass skirts, flower-in-the-hair stuff—he's got it all. There isn't an atlas or a geography or a Burton Holmes picture that has anything on him.

"The plot is gripping.

"The characters are convincing.

"The style is superb.

"The construction is capital.

"The book is 100 per cent American.

"It is full of punch. Would that I were, too.

"If it only sells one copy—would that I had written it. For I need the jack. And until I write it I can't sell it, can I?

"That's what Shakespeare would say, if he were alive, and needed the jack the way I do."

Here is a little surprise. You didn't think we would give you two surprises at one time, did you? But that's the way we are—always planning nice little things for you like this.

We got another author to review Mr. Stulp's review of Mr. Stulp's book. She doesn't quite agree with Stulp. This author is Minerva Grace Hoggane. She hasn't read the book, of course. It hasn't been written. But she doesn't know that.

She would write the same review if she had read it. Only more so. She is noted for her highly imaginative work and she also is an employee of the Interborough. When she isn't chopping tickets she writes those cute little things in The Subway Sun. Her circulation is almost as big as Mr. Stulp's. Sunday only. There isn't room on week days to see what she has written.

Here's her low-down on Stulp:

Review of Review.

"OH, WOULD THAT I!"

"Yes, oh, would that I —. Would that I had a brick. And this feeble Stulp in the same room.

"Of all the goofs! This Stulp never saw Pacific street, Brooklyn,

let alone the Pacific Ocean. He knows Nothing about Anything.

"On the other hand—I DO. I know that this book of his—I won't mention the name because you won't want to buy it when I get through—is absolutely N. H.—I mean N. G. Of all the books we have ever read this is the most N. G.

The author, with a notebook and a pencil, spent two hours in the Public Library—1 hour looking up atlases and geographies in the index and 1 hour waiting for his number to flash—so he could learn that the atlases and geographies were not in.

"The plot is bum.

"The characters are punk.

"The style is awful.

"The construction is rotten.

"The book is one-half-of-one per cent Bolshevik.

"It is full of mistakes. So is the author.

"If it sells one copy—I am a liar. Otherwise it is all right. If this guy Stulp never writes another one it will be soon enough."

Thus Minerva Grace Hoggane. Genial little girlie, isn't she?

But we can't let these people get away with ALL the honors.

So we are going to write the

Review of Review of Review.

Here's us:

"A great many nice things have been said about this book of Mr. Stulp's. And a great many other things. So we will say this:

"It is a great big fat book. You get your money's worth.

"The title is so nice. If you know anyone with a lip be sure and get them to read it—especially the title, 'Subtle Snooping in the South Seas,' by P. Stotesbury Stulp. You will get your money's worth without reading the book yourself.

"We said 'anyone with a lip.' But a hair lip will do.

"Besides that, Doublepage Day & Co. are such nice big publishers. All their books come from Contented Authors. No Mental. Can Touch You.

"And this book is sold at the better shops. One wouldn't want to go to the poorer shops for a book, would one?

Talking about a tragedy, a man who was given a night off sent into a movie house to get a well-earned evening's entertainment and happened to sit down right next to his wife.

It is a good thing for husbands that wives don't let 'em out alone nights. Husbands would then have to worry about getting the money with which to go out.

Some men assert that when a woman is engaged she usually hides things from her beau. The only thing to do in this instance is to buy 'em a one-piece bathing suit and take 'em to the beach.

When a man says his wife is the apple of his eye we have a sneaking suspicion that he means crab apple.

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## Love—How to Fall In

By F. George Spelvins.

II. FOREWORD TO PROLOGUE.

HARDLY worthy of our attention is the question as to how you are to know when you are in love. It is universally admitted that no mortal ever made a mistake in this matter. However, it may be pleasing and helpful to prattling babes to know what they are to undergo, and to ditto ancients to recall what they have undergone.

It is almost certain that one's first, last and only love will occur when one is fifteen years old. True, many people meet, mingle and marry at twenty-five or older, but we have it from Someone, who seems to have said everything worth quoting, that it is "first love, last love."

So, if the reader be of high-school age, he may know that the person with whom he is in love—and undoubtedly he is in love, if he is of high-school age—will be his to worship through the eons and eons of time. If, in spite of these words, he still doubts, let him examine himself that he hath the following symptoms:

When he catches but a faint glimpse of his love—let us call her Alice for short—he will be able with slight exertion to cause his heart to (1) throb, (2) flutter, (3) pound violently, (4) glow warmly, (5) sink or rise to his front teeth. We strongly advise that the subject exercise in these ways immediately before breakfast, for they are physiological acrobatics seldom omitted in novelistic descriptions of love scenes.

We must never forget that the object of being in love is to be, or seem to be, as much like the characters of fiction as possible.

A second symptom is the subject's desire to be accused of an affection for Alice, though the subject will never mention Alice and will feign to be displeased at the coupling of her name to his.

The sanctioned usage is: If at the table, for instance, one's heart-of-one's-heart is mentioned, and meaningful glances are directed one's way, one should simulate displeasure by wriggling in one's chair, blushing, if possible, and if the mention and connection be direct, by murmuring, "Awahutup!"

If these manifestations of embarrassment and true affection fall one may stick one's fork in one's eye, as it by mistake. This will undoubtedly call forth the desired accusation of one's love for Alice.

The subject will wish to hear his life's breath discussed. As his affection becomes palpable, this desire will be gratified until a sense of satiety overtakes the subject, but at first it is often necessary to stimulate the debate. For example, one's sister may remark, apropos of poor taste in dress, social functions or nothing at all: "Saw Alice to-day."

The subject is advised to interrupt at this point with the eager query, "Alice who?" If properly done this will arouse suspicion in almost any sister's mind, and she will dwell on Aliceisms, for purposes of verification. Then, by exhibiting the signs of discomposure listed before, one may be assured of hearing Alice discussed quite often, sometimes, even, in a complimentary manner.

If it be a brother who saw Alice it is better to pretend jealousy and exclaim fiercely, "What did she wear?" thus catering to the masculine point of view.

Another sign that the subject is in love is his inability to notice defects in Alice that strike others forcefully. Errors in her facial construction are supposed now to give her a far-off, soulful look. It is also customary to state that painful experiments of nature lend character to her countenance. Quite true, they do lend.

Intellectual defects are also quite inconspicuous in one's golden rose. Her seeming disinclination to think is not due to lack of intellect or to her sex, but to the possession of her mind by the deeper, truer dreams of a noble soul, etc. She scorns to show her real nature to an unresponsive world, but will display same to subject on proper application.

For example, when viewing a movie of Western life, she may exclaim, "I wonder if he is a real cowboy?" By this the subject will know that she is a seeker after truth and that she is skeptical—always a sign of great learning. If in addition the subject be optimistic he will take heart to himself and be glad, for has she not sensed his life's ambition—cowboyism—and has she not as much as said that a cowboy fulfills all her requirements for a hero, a lover?

Thus, one example of many. If the subject demand that Alice be musical, he will easily observe in her the talents of a Beethoven or a Berlin. And so on with talents for art, euche, literature, magazine-writing, burnt-leather work or cooking. She will possess all of these, even to the last, which is sometimes the hardest to discern.

So, reader, if you exhibit these symptoms you may know you are in love. But if after careful consideration you cannot believe it, do not despair. It is quite simple to place yourself there. You know that you should be in love—everyone else is—so all you have to do is select the handiest adorer and adore ad lib.

Someone—we are too modest or ignorant to expose this anonymity—has said that most loves are the result of opportunity, egotism and self-hypnotism.

Don't believe it. People fall in love because they are built that way, because it is the thing to do, and because a master of irony once said that "All the world loves a lover."

"Kidding Yourself." by W. J. Bryan

## How to Keep Well

G UNBUSTA—I am a cashier in a bank. I am not well. I seem to be going down, down, down. What can I do?

Answer—Commit a crime and the Judge will send you up, up, up.

FLORA—I would like advice on the following: My face has been badly burned by the sun. Is there a remedy?

Answer—You fail to inform us by whose son your face was burned and how did he burn it. First tell us, then we'll tell you.

JIMJAMS, JR.—I have a very severe cold. Can you tell me what to take?

Answer—Yes, take a row-boat and row out about three miles. Do you get what we mean?

OLD FLURBUS—My doctor informs me that I must have my adenoids cut out. Now, what I would like to know is (a) What is an adenoid? (b) How much will it cost?

Answer—(a) An adenoid is a small ad. (b) Write to any reliable advertising concern for rates.

JOHN X.—I have a continual itching of the scalp. What can be done for it?

Answer—You might rub it with a piece of sand-paper. Or use a very soft file.

MRS. UNO—I have trouble with my eyes. Sometimes bright sparks seem to dance before my eyes. What would you advise?

Answer—I would sneak down to the cellar some time and learn for yourself what ingredients are used. Seeing sparks almost makes us think that the receipt from which the lome-brew is made was "forged." Or, perhaps, in heating the water by electricity a spark plug is used. If it continues why just light out.

F. P. FITZER.

## Wails of a Benedict

A WOMAN has been compared to an automobile by a humorist because in both instances it is not the initial cost that counts, but the upkeep. Maybe so, but you can trade an automobile in.

Talking about a tragedy, a man who was given a night off sent into a movie house to get a well-earned evening's entertainment and happened to sit down right next to his wife.

It is a good thing for husbands that wives don't let 'em out alone nights. Husbands would then have to worry about getting the money with which to go out.

A wit once said that a honey-moon is like a calm before the storm. Evidently he was not a seafaring man or he would have known that any sailor can tell when a storm is about to brew.

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